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MOTHER EARTH

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ARTISTS—REVOLUTIONISTS

(Anent our new cover design.)

THE illustrator of our new cover is a French artist who has consecrated his art to the revolutionary proletariat. The readers will find his signature under his dedication to the American comrades.

About two weeks ago the Paris police confiscated "La Voix du Peuple," the principal organ of the Confédération du Travail, placing the editor under arrest. The issue which served as pretext for the outrage was entirely devoted to anti-militarism. The illustration on the front page, drawn by Grandjouan, represents the home-coming of the soldier.

With a few masterful strokes the artist portrays the soldier returning from the strike region of Narbonne, where he helped to "restore order," with bayonet and rifle.

His mother confronts him with the indignant cry, "Ah, it is you who had fired on the people!" She spits in his face. Back of her stands the father, enraged at the perfidy of his son and threatening him with his clenched fist.

"La Voix du Peuple" is by no means the only revolutionary sheet that benefits by the ideas and art of Grandjouan. There is hardly a radical publication in France that he does not contribute to. Especially forceful are his drawings for "Temps Nouveaux," an Anarchist weekly, published by our Paris comrades.

With Steinlen, the foremost French artist, who so realistically depicts social misery, Grandjouan contributes to "L'assiette du Beurre," each issue of the journal being devoted to some special subject. The last number I saw in Paris represents "Men of Order": streaming with blood there stand the judge, the priest, the politician, the procurer, Thiers—the butcher of the Commune—and even the ex-Communard himself. The latter, fat and satisfied, cries: "I, too, stand for order. I am now a man of property."

Comrade Grandjouan is now at work on a series of designs that will prove of tremendous artistic and revolutionary effect. The drawings are to illustrate the characteristics of the various types of workingmen, portraying the whole gamut of labor.

A large array of French artists of note can be mentioned who are working along the same lines as Grandjouan. Their pen and pencil give to the world what Aristide Bruant has given in the street songs of the tramp, outcast and prostitute. Such are Steinlen, Delaunoy, Herman Paul, Zola, Mirbeau, Richepin, Charpentier, Rictus, etc. "Indeed, there is not an artist of consequence who is not also a revolutionist," said Grandjouan during our conversation.

This brought up to my mind our own artists of importance who, while not artistically to be compared with their French colleagues, are far superior to the latter in their money-getting genius. No one can accuse them of ever jumping the line or the limit set for them by the political shade of the newspaper or party they work for. They sketch whatever is ordered, whatever will be approved by the moral standard of the average citizen and his virtuous wife. To be sure, the carricatures are funny, sometimes; but the Lord forbid that they should ever become caustic or cutting. It is nothing but shallow society satire to relieve the dull monotony of five-o'clock teas. The sphere of social and economic chasms is never approached; or, if at all, it is to expose the "impudent pretensions of the common people" to the good things of life.

That the artist must serve the highest bidder is an American axiom. Practicality is our most essential trait.

Surely, one could not expect our artists to be so idealistic as to serve art.

Only in politics is the artist still allowed some latitude; but even there partisan interests dictate his policy.

Mr. Brisbane writes what Hearst pays for. Mr. Opper receives his ideas ready made, to be illustrated in the reliable stereotyped manner. Should Mr. Hearst turn a policical somersault, his journalists and caricaturists will follow suit.

During the 16 to 1 campaign Homer Davenport served the Bryan party, McKinley and Mark Hanna faring wretchedly at his hands. The most zealous devotion to free silver Mr. Davenport displayed in his caricature of the gold plank, with John Most and Mark Hanna at each end. During the last presidential campaign the same ardent silver artist drank nectar at the gardens of the Republican Party. The reward in the form of a fifteen thousand dollar check was large enough to induce any American newspaper artist to degrade his art.

Therein lies the fundamental difference between France and America. Delaunoy, Yossot, Herman Paul, Toulouse de Loutrec and Grandjouan are idealists, responsive to the efforts of oppressed humanity; therefore their art gains in originality, strength and beauty. With us, most artists are matter-of-fact men, practical people; thus their creative faculties become stultified, and their work commonplace.

* * *

Our new cover hardly needs an explanation. For the benefit of those who might wonder, I would say:

The mother of humanity, the Earth, lies fettered by the tyranny of capital. A wire fence, guarded by sword and revolver, separates her from her children. Behind the fence stands the Master of the Earth, the capitalist. At every attempt of humanity to approach their mother, he sternly points to the law.

Our magazine shall continue to wage war against tyranny and government. Its bugle call shall ever be, "A free Earth for a free people!"

E. G.

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

The October issue of the *Miners' Magazine,* dealing with the Haymarket tragedy, which culminated in the crime of 1887, writes:

"After twenty years the men whom prejudice convicted and judicially murdered are being looked upon as the brave pioneers who were 'blazing the trail' towards the summit of economic freedom. It is no wonder that the monument of the policemen was removed. Capitalism is anxious that labor shall forget the infamy of that conspiracy that murdered under forms of law.

"When another twenty years shall have passed away the labor army of Chicago will assemble around the graves of the victims of capitalist hate, and from the lips of eloquence will stream a tribute to the brave men whose energies and efforts were consecrated to the downtrodden and oppressed."

The blackest page in the history of American labor was stamped by its silent approval of the crime of 1887. But we are happy to witness the awakening of the conscience of the masses that will at a later day do full justice to the martyrs in the cause of liberty.

* * *

It is reported from Cleveland that the temporary injunction restraining the national and local officers of the International Printing Pressmen's and Assistants' Union and its members from engaging in strikes or boycotts against the members of the Typothetæ has been made permanent by Justice Thompson of the United States Circuit Court.

This injunction is unusually sweeping. It not only restrains the union and its local and national officers from engaging in strikes or boycotts against the members of the Typothetæ, but it also restrains the union from taking a referendum vote, which had been started, on the question of ordering a General Strike, prohibits the union from levying assessments for strike purposes and restrains the organizers from organizing for the purpose of extending the strike.

In other words, the action of the Federal court practically deprives the Pressmen's Union of all the fundamental rights inherent in the very fact of its existence,

and annihilates with one sweep the very purpose of its being.

This injunction is a valuable document. We advise all workingmen to study it. Even the simplest intelligence could not fail to comprehend the true purport as summed up in the finding of the court. It is but too evident that the capitalist class is determined to use all the forces at their command—the government and courts which they own—to destroy the power of organized labor by paralyzing the activities of the unions.

Will the workingmen of America supinely see their last hope, the united effort, suppressed? Or will they, like men of spirit and independence, *demand* their rights —plutocratic court decisions notwithstanding—by virtue of their being the sole creators of the nation's wealth.

Rally around the flag of the General Strike and force your exploiters to beg quarter.

* * *

The Washington authorities are making strenuous efforts to improve the condition of the Filipinos. An edict has been issued to the local government to suppress all gambling, bringing home to the native the biblical injunction that it is better the body should perish that the soul may be saved.

Yet, fearing that the precious soul may suffer from the avoirdupois of its tenement, the body, our government has built a high tariff fence against Philippine products, which means the hunger cure for the "pacified" islands.

* * *

The *N. Y. Sun* laments the "very serious condition of affairs" in our regular army. Continuing, it says: "Not only are men deserting in formidable numbers, but as a rule good men neither enlist nor re-enlist. Although we need with each succeeding year an increase of our standing military force, each year it becomes more and more difficult to maintain even the establishment we had twelve months before."

And why should we "need with each succeeding year an increase of our standing military force"? What external enemies have the American people? Or does the *Sun,* perhaps, have in mind an *internal* enemy, whom the government of the rich must be in readiness to subdue?

Whatever enemies the government may have—that is, those interested in keeping intact the system of national and international robbery—the American *people* have no quarrel with the peoples of any other country and will have none if the government will quit interfering with the affairs of the people of this or other countries.

The American *people* have but *one* enemy, the plutocratic parasite sucking the nation's blood. But the people need no increase of the army. When the time comes, they will take care of their own interests.

As to the *Sun's* lament over decreased enlistment and increased desertion from the army, it is fortunately a circumstance to rejoice over. It evidences the fact that the American citizen has not yet fallen a victim to the corrupting jingoism of the *Sun* which ever claims for an increased army. It proves that the average citizen values his manhood above "governmental policy," and that he abhors the thought of turning professional murderer at the behest of a uniformed ruffian.

May the time come soon when every rational man will look upon war as what it is, wanton murder, and will not merely passively discourage it by his refusal to enlist, but will actively demand the abolition of that barbaric machine of slaughter, the army and navy.

* * *

According to the second monthly report of the Public Service Commission, fifty-six persons were killed and one hundred and fifty-two seriously injured by the steam railways and underground, elevated and surface street car lines in Greater New York during the one month of September.

The first report of the Commission, covering the last twenty-six days of August, showed forty-two persons killed and one hundred and forty-seven seriously injured. Taking the eight weeks covered by the two reports this means twelve or thirteen persons killed and nearly ninety injured every week.

Is this wholesale slaughter an unavoidable incident of rapid transit, as the company's officials would have us believe? Berlin, Paris and London statistics prove, however, that transportation in those cities is carried on at a far lesser sacrifice of life than with us.

The lack of adequate equipment, the overworking of

employees and the company's absolute disregard of the safety of either passenger or pedestrian are responsible for the murderous record.

An educated public opinion would speedily curb the greediness of the transit companies and reduce the sacrifice of life to a minimum, by holding the traction magnates personally responsible for their criminal negligence.

* * *

In England, that classic land of conservative trade unionism, the railway companies refuse to recognize the organization of their employees. The latter's proposal to arbitrate their demands and grievances was scornfully rejected. "We have nothing to arbitrate," said the employers. "We care nothing about your unions."

The employers of England, like the American breed, have gradually come to believe that trade unions have a right to exist only in so far as they enable the exploiters to make greater profits and to keep in check the "impudent pretensions" of labor. According to them, unions should serve as a kind of preventative against higher wages and shorter hours; they should also inculcate in their members the lesson that "the rich and poor you must always have among you," a God-ordained institution, based on a system of perfect economics. Is it any wonder, then, that the exploiters are so sorely disappointed when the workingmen persist—*in spite* of conservative trade unionism—in their attempts to lighten their heavy burdens.

The scornful attitude of the railway companies of Great Britain may lead to a General Strike of all the railway employees in the kingdom. After all, 'tis the only answer the labor organizations can give to the challenge of their exploiters.

* * *

We mourn the loss of two old and faithful soldiers of liberty, Sam Mainwaring and Fermín Salvochea. The former died in London, on the twenty-ninth of September; the latter, one of the most prominent Anarchists of Spain, died at Cadiz.

We shall pay our deceased comrades a deserved tribute in our next issue.

* * *

The "Confédération Générale du Travail" of France has resolved to form an International Trade Union Bureau; the labor organization of all countries, favoring revolutionary ideas and methods along syndicalistic lines, are invited to join.

Thus far the following organizations have signified their desire to co-operate: The Labor Federation of Roman Switzerland, the Labor Unions of the Netherlands, the Italian Syndicalists, the Trades Union League of Germany and various labor organizations of England.

* * *

An apparently insignificant newspaper item will often reveal the depths of our social misery, unmasking the glittering pretensions of an impotent civilization.

It was recently reported that Valentine Cantral, a young French girl, was sentenced to six months for destroying a picture in the Louvre. Without work or money, she preferred arrest to starvation. Asked for an explanation, she told the judge: "Since I was nine years old I have worked with mamma as a seamstress. Even getting up early, I could only earn fifteen cents a day. How do you expect me to live on fifteen cents a day? It is society that is guilty—the society which condemned me to starvation."

The friendless, hungry girl instinctively felt that she was not a criminal; that there was something wrong with a society which condemned her to starve,—her, that was so willing to work.

She felt all this and in her desperation she spoke out. Dangerous doctrine! No wonder the Cerberus of our perfect society condemned her to prison.

But if he had a spark of humanity in his crooked soul, he must have felt like a guilty criminal before the nobility of the poor girl, who said, simply: "I regret my act because I have learned that the man who painted the picture, like me, also suffered poverty and hardships."

It is characteristic of the capitalistic mind, that all the pathos of the poor girl's fate merely called forth the newspaper comment that "it is feared the girl will have imitators among the miscreants in search of notoriety."

Indeed, the underdogs, the exploited and oppressed are ever the miscreants, the undesirables.

* * *

With the October issue, our London contemporary, *Freedom,* celebrated its twenty-first anniversary. We congratulate our English comrades on their brave and persistent battle with indifference and financial difficulties.

The October number contains timely articles by Peter Kropotkin and other able contributors, reviewing the past two decades of the labor movement in general and the Anarchist agitation in particular.

* * *

"The third Duma is conservative," triumphantly cries the official Russian press. The journalistic Cossacks seem, however, to leave the revolutionists out of their calculations. The latter will become more active in proportion to the pressure of reaction. The recent assassination of Gen. Maximoffsky, Director of Russian Prisons, is the latest token of that noble self-sacrifice and devotion to liberty that will know no abatement till the savage autocracy is a thing of the past.

Mlle. Ragozinnikova, who joyfully gave her life to free her beloved country from the brutal torturer of political prisoners — Gen. Maximoffsky — beautifully typifies the noble spirit of young Russia, that has consecrated all its energies, yea, its very life, to the service of freedom.

Mlle. Ragozinnikova, whose father is a teacher in the Imperial Conservatory of Music, has long been active in the revolutionary movement of her country. She was an indefatigable and fearless worker. Her devotion and personal courage are the more remarkable in view of the fact that she was well known to the authorities, her portrait in the police gallery being marked "dangerous suspect." In spite of that, however, she presented herself at the weekly reception of Gen. Maximoffsky, demanding an interview. She quietly remained in the crowded anteroom for three hours, unrecognized by the officials. When she was finally admitted to the General's presence, she drew a revolver and relieved the world from a most cruel, inhuman torturer.

The Tsar's bloodhounds quickly devoured the noble victim. But the wondrous spirit of self-sacrifice and devotion to ideals, typified by this martyr of liberty, shall finally triumph over all obstacles, suppression and tyranny.

* * *

The good, faithful subjects of the Fatherland stand aghast at the recent revelations concerning the noble-born entourage of the German court, whose shining centre is the Kaiser *himself*. It appears that his Majesty's most intimate friends have a strong penchant for the charms of—their own sex.

"Public opinion" feels dutifully outraged. How immoral to allow one's self to be so vulgarly exposed.

Maximilian Harden—who is less euphoniously known as Herr Wittkowski and whose life-work it is to guard the purity of the monarchy—could not master his moral indignation. In his magazine, *Die Zukunft*, he severely and persistently denounced the illustrious pillars of the throne—prompted by his great love for the Fatherland, of course.

Religion, morality and *das deutsche Gemüth*, so simple and trustful, have sustained a terrible shock. What shall become of the good people's confidence in their government, when its chiefs are unmasked as immoralists!

Something must be quickly done to restore the weakening faith of the terrified herd. We learn that the first practical steps in that direction already have been taken. The authorities lost no time in initiating a campaign of persecution against the Berlin Anarchists. The public must be given fresh proof of the untiring zeal and devotion of the police and government. That will pour oil on the troubled waters.

* * *

TO OUR READERS

DEAR FRIENDS:

MOTHER EARTH has not yet proven a paying venture. Those of us who were familiar with the bitter struggle of every outspoken, radical paper knew that MOTHER EARTH would not be exempt from the same fate.

In the July issue we brought a detailed account of receipts and expenditures; also the balance of the Sustaining Fund then amounting to $372.66, which—if we had not been confronted by the summer—would have been something of a capital.

In no country is there such apathy, such indifference and inactivity during the summer months as in America.

I cannot quite account for it (though the heat may have something to do with it), unless it be that radicalism, at best, is by many considered a convenience or sport, but not a necessity. At any rate, the net receipts of the magazine for July, August, September and October amounted to less than $120. The expenditures for the same period came to nearly $700, that is, MOTHER EARTH suffered a monthly deficit of about $145.

Some might consider such a state of affairs discouraging; we do not. We feel that MOTHER EARTH has kept her colors flying in spite of all obstacles. Uncompromising, fearless, barely known, with no sensational advertising lists, no schemes and inducements to buy shares or stock, MOTHER EARTH—which has not dabbled in all sorts of lukewarm reform and oily liberalism, yet was able to weather the storm for nineteen months—must surely possess staying powers which will sooner or later carry her to safe port.

That it may be sooner we appeal to you, friends, for co-operation and assistance.

We reopen the MOTHER EARTH Sustaining Fund, hoping that all those who like the little fighter will contribute at their earliest convenience.

There are many ways of aiding the magazine. For instance, by increasing its circulation: purchasing several copies monthly for missionary work; trying to secure new subscribers, and calling on one's newsdealer for the magazine.

As the magazine will now have a special labor department, our readers who are members of unions could aid our work by circulating the magazine among their fellow workers.

The first part of the coming year I shall begin a tour, for which extensive preparations are now being made in the West. Groups, unions and societies between New York and Denver wishing me to lecture before them will please communicate with me at once, in order that meetings may be arranged more systematically.

In the next issue I shall bring a complete list of subjects that I am now preparing. I shall endeavor to make my tour an educational and financial success, to furnish the sinews of war for MOTHER EARTH. Meanwhile, comrades, it is for you to help with the Sustaining Fund.

NOVEMBER ELEVENTH, TWENTY YEARS AGO

By VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

A PEACEABLE MEETING of protest against a murderous attack of the police on strikers, a meeting already half dispersed because of an approaching storm; an unprovoked attack by two hundred police upon the remnant of the meeting; a sullen glow in the air, a dull and angry roar, wounded and dying police and citizens, terror and consternation, bewildered faces and flying feet, a panic-striken city full of the savagery of fright! So passed the 4th of May, 1886, into history.

A wild and insane spirit of revenge, a determination to hang somebody, as many as possible, a crystallization of that determination in a conspiracy theory which would drag in those whom the police and the partisans of Old Order most dreaded, a vicious resolution to use every method, every trick no matter how shameful, to bring eight men to the gallows; to deceive and inflame the public mind, to twist the law, to admit prejudiced jurors, to suborn perjury, to rule out every fair-minded person from a chance of influencing the trial in favor of the accused, to convict at all costs and to hang, that was the task the social powers set themselves; and they fulfilled it; and with the hanging of their victims the curtain went down upon the tragedy, and the 11th of November passed into history.

There was a comedy played afterwards,—a comedy in which the victimizers became the victims, and paid over thousands of good round dollars to their servants, the police, for protecting them from conspiracies which were hatched in the police stations. The comedy lasted about three years, and was very funny—to the policemen who divided the spoils. It, however, has *not* passed into history; it was thought better to preserve the memory of it by oral tradition.

The tragedy however is written; it is in the school histories of the country, and every child who studies the administrations of the presidents learns about it; and this is what he learns: that in the year 1886 there were many strikes and labor troubles; that there was a small but dangerous class of people in Chicago, called Anar-

chists; that at one of their meetings a bomb was thrown, killing a number of policemen, and several of the Anarchist leaders were convicted of conspiring to throw it, and hanged.

All up and down the land millions of school children learn that paragraph, with such additional embellishments as their teachers see fit to provide, and the half-truth and altogether lie of it, goes on killing the souls of the murdered men as once the scaffold killed their bodies. Only —long ago the preachers told us—*souls cannot be killed;* and in spite of all the malice and the injustice and the ignorance and stupidity that have heaped and are heaping outrage on their memory, the conquering voices of the dead men rise, and the conquering spirit that animated them in those days of bitter doom, the spirit of love and faith in human possibility, triumphing over all oppression and suppression, slowly makes its way.

Twenty years have died upon their graves since they died on the gallows; and venom and spite and fear, most venomous of all, have had their say. Yet other voices sometimes have spoken; great lawyers have said it was a shame; and General Trumbull tried the judgment, after Gary had thought it necessary to defend it; and John P. Altgeld said and did a thing or two. And now, after twenty years, a man of different stamp has spoken, and a great conservative magazine has published his say. *Appleton's Magazine* for October contains an article entitled "The Haymarket and Afterwards," by Chas. Edward Russell, a newspaper reporter for the *N. Y. World* in 1887; and though there is much misinformation therein, (when did a newspaper scribe ever neglect to furnish misinformation) the general intent is plainly to do justice to the memory of murdered men. I do not know whether this Mr. Russell tried to do anything to save them while they were yet alive; I have never heard that in all these twenty years he tried to tell the world the truths he has told here. But it is something that at last he has spoken and said that the conspiracy charge was conceived in a spirit of revengeful fury; that the working out of it was intrusted to a man afflicted with delusions, who arrested every person that spoke defective English as a direful conspirator, and extracted confessions to suit his purposes; that the methods of the trial were "unusual" (sure-

ly Mr. Russell did not choose a harsh word there); that, "so far as the record goes, the bomb might have fallen by accident, or been hurled by a lunatic, or by somebody that never heard of the accused men."

Very grateful I am to Mr. Russell for his tribute to the beauty and magnanimity of Albert Parsons's character. Very glad am I that he has told the readers of *Appleton's* how till the end, till the very last, Parsons could have saved his life had he complied with the formality of the law and signed the petition to Gov. Oglesby, but that he would not do so, because he would not desert those others whose lives could not be saved.

What he does not add is this: that Fischer and Engel were willing to sign the petition if he agreed to it; not that they hoped for themselves, but hoped for him; but he, knowing they could not be saved, said, "Then every night in Joliet upon retiring and every morning on arising, I should be haunted by the thought that I had made cowards of them in vain. No: I shall die with them."

Not grateful to Mr. Russell am I for his contemptuous rating of Adolph Fischer, and his miserly recognition of the abilities of Spies and Schwab and Fielden; yet one cannot quarrel with another's impressions so long as there is no malice in their statement, and I let that pass. But when it comes to Lingg, then all at once the fair man disappears, and the sensational news artist, the descriptive magician we all learned to know so well twenty years ago, comes to the surface. Under his prestidigitation the human being disappears, and a monster stands before you, clothed with "abnormal strength of body and capacity of mind"; a slim boy of twenty-one becomes a "secret, wily, resourceful, and daring conspirator," "a wild beast," "a modern berserkir," "the least human man" he ever knew, "a formidable" creature, pacing "up and down the jail corridor," with "a lithe, gliding and peculiar step," etc., etc. The more I read, the more forcibly became the contrast between this Lingg of Mr. Russell's conceiving, and the Lingg painted by a good, kindly German lady who used to take the prisoners something to eat sometimes. One day he said to her, "I was dancing in my cell last night. They had a ball over there somewhere, and I heard the music, and oh! I did so want to be there and dance."

Inhuman desire on the part of a youth of twenty-one. Had Mr. Russell seen him dancing in his cell, he would probably have read abnormal physical or mental something-or-other into this pathetic attempt of a caged young creature to pass the lonely hours of a prison cell.

But the reason for Mr. Russell's peculiar visions, concerning Lingg, is that he feels nearly certain that Lingg made the Haymarket bomb, Lingg conceived the slaughter of the police, Lingg founded the Lehr and Wehr Verein, Lingg was the only Anarchist of the seven, Lingg was—everything in short, except the bomb thrower. The latter was, he says, Rudolph Schnaubelt. He does not give his reason for these opinions, he simply makes assertions.

Now as to the Lehr and Wehr Verein, it was not founded by Lingg; he was a member, but not the founder nor suggester of it. In the second place, the Lehr and Wehr Verein had nothing to do with the Haymarket bomb. It would be rather ridiculous to suppose that a society composed of some hundreds of people, organized to maintain its civil rights because of the ballot-box frauds which had wrested their political victory from them, should be led by the nose by one man, and he a mere boy. In the third place, I do not believe Lingg made the Haymarket bomb, for the reason that he pointed out the differences between it and the bombs he did make; and while I do not think he was superhuman, either mentally, physically, or morally, I think he was an exceedingly courageous man and an honest one; and I do not believe he would have resorted to any petty subterfuges before the court. I think if he had done that thing, he would have said so, as boldly as he did say other things. There was no want of candor in his speech.

Mr. Russell's confident identification of the bomb-thrower is probably based on the letter written by Schnaubelt taking the responsibility for the act, which may or may not have been true. A lot of fairy stories always arise around a mystery of this kind, and between one man's imagination and another's, the mystery gets so elusive that even shrewder guessers than Mr. Russell find themselves at sea and adrift. I believe that the matter will remain a mystery as it has remained for twenty years. Capt. Black has said, in a statement printed in the life of Parsons, that in his last endeavors

to secure a reprieve for the condemned men, the effort was made on the ground that he had had reliable assurance that the bomb-thrower would deliver himself up and prove that he was a stranger to the accused and that they had no complicity with him. The reprieve was not granted, and our comrades being slain, I can see no motive for the bomb-thrower's ever revealing his identity. A masked and silent figure, he has passed across the world, and left his mark upon it. What does it matter now who he was; it was not one of the eight men whom the State punished for it.

There are other legendary matters in the article, things positively untrue; but they do not greatly matter; the public may believe that Lingg's sweetheart gave him a bomb to kill himself with, if it likes. I do not. The public may believe there were precisely fourteen Anarchists, believers in the use of physical force, grouped together in Chicago. I take the statement with—salt. The public may believe the statement that the police behaved with conspicuous courage in the face of the bomb, and "did not falter"; that "they closed up their ranks, drew their revolvers, and began to fire upon the dumbfounded people who fled in all directions." I should not, myself, have thought it required conspicuous courage to fire upon dumbfounded and fleeing people. Moreover, I have been told of a gentleman who being wounded in the leg by some splinter of the bomb, sought refuge in a closet to whose friendly shelter six policemen had fled before him. They begged him "not to give them away." The position may have been undignified and not altogether heroic, but I do not blame those six policemen.

But all these things matter little now. What matters now, is that the world shall know how and for what our comrades died. Mr. Russell says: "The world of men outside our country seems to have accepted the belief that the defendants were tried on the charge that they were Anarchists. It may be well, therefore, to recall that they were tried merely on the charge that they were accessories before the fact, of the murders of Mathias J. Degan and others."

The world outside our country thinks very correctly that our comrades were tried for being Anarchists and hanged for being Anarchists; over and over again the

State's Attorney repeated that "Anarchy was on trial"; his final appeal was: "Hang these eight men and save our institutions. These are the leaders; make examples of them."

Well they made the example. They murdered these men, not because of evidence that they had conspired to murder Degan, but because they preached the gospel of liberty and well-being to all, and an end of institutions which enslave the many to the few. The men are dead; twenty years are dead; but the strange doctrine that they preached is not dead, nor "stamped out," nor forgotten; the doctrine that there need be no poor and forsaken in the world, no shelterless, no freezing ones, no craven and cowering ones, biting the dust for a crust and a rag, no tyranny of masters nor of rulers; that all these are not, as we have been taught, necessary, but only ignorant and foolish; that life may mean wide opportunity and rich activity for every human being born; that mankind has only to conceive its own possibilities, cease preying upon itself, and combine its powers for the conquest of the earth, for toil to become easy and fruitful a thousand-fold, so all may have the good things of the earth; and more than that, may have free time to learn what really are *good* things, to modify its barbarian tastes, to escape from the vulgar ideals imposed upon it by its dead past and its slavish present, its stupid pursuit of valueless things, begotten by this profit-making system of production, free time to partake of its heritage in the triumphs of science, which only too often remain barren in the studies of great thinkers, unfruitful because of the lack of the practical genius of the common man, or worse, become the instruments of further robbery in the hands of power. This is strange doctrine; men die for preaching it. And yet another stranger doctrine, though really it is as old as man himself, that these things are to be won, not by entrusting power to legislators, but by the direct dealing of the individuals interested,—by strikes, by boycotts, by spontaneous sympathetic support, finally by complete socialization of the sources and means of production. If in the final struggle, as a measure of resistance, force became necessary, then use it. For saying these things our comrades died; the Haymarket bomb was only the excuse for silencing their tongues.

Well the tongues are silenced; but now "the silence speaks," as the prophet voice foretold. Still from the prison earth in the shade of the gallows tree, there springs the blossom of human hope, the blood-root blossom, the blossom with the wax-white face and the red, red root. Strange it should grow always there. Lilies from black mud, and hope, the highest hope, from the carmined stone of sacrifice. Yet thousands pluck the blossom, and hold it to their hearts; and the ideal of our dead waxes in the eyes of the living. And eyes meet eyes, and the light of them crosses the seas and the boundaries of the nations; and the dream grows, the dream of the common fraternity of humankind, and the equal liberty of brothers. And Greed and Tyranny and Patriotism, dividing man from man, making them strike foul blows against each other these weary thousand, thousand years will die—hard—but they will die; for they are of the past, the dead; and the new world, our world, the nationless world of free men, belongs to the living and the future.

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THE ANARCHIST INTERNATIONAL

By MAX BAGINSKI.

THE old International awakens diverse feelings. It was no doubt a powerful attempt to call into life the idea of the revolutionary proletariat in solidaric and international relationship. Unfortunately, however, it served as a centre of intrigue and gossip.

Karl Marx was essentially centralistic. Possibly he imagined that himself, Engels and their immediate friends embodied the only true conception as to the lines that Socialism and the movement of the proletariat should follow. The faith in his own infallibility inevitably resulted in Marx becoming autocratic and authoritarian.

Michael Bakunin was temperamentally unfitted for dogmatic and orthodox ideas. He hated the zigzag path of diplomacy with its intrigues and speculations. Revolution to Bakunin did not mean a scientific doctrine, nor was it a cold, automatic result of evolution, to assert

itself without the efforts and assistance of men. Rather did he see in Revolution the direct result of the conscious emotions and aspirations of those who suffer most under the yoke of our social crimes and errors.

The Marxian slogan was to seize the governmental machinery through the ballot. Bakunin, on the other hand, waged war on all government, including that of workingmen, perceiving in any governmental and political régime the very source of oppression and tyranny.

The present syndicalist movement, consisting of direct action, the General Strike, etc., originated with Bakunin, and was fought tooth and nail by the Marxian clique. Thus, centralized authority—as conceived by Marx—and anti-authoritarian federalism—as embodied by Bakunin—were doomed to clash and war with each other.

The weapons employed by Marx and his disciples in this contest were full of poison and venom. But it is not the object of this article to discuss them, nor the mass of insinuation and malicious slander circulated against Bakunin.

The object I have in view is to acquaint the readers of MOTHER EARTH with the nature and purpose of the Anarchist International, formed at the Amsterdam Congress. The new International will continue to wave the flag which Bakunin was prevented from doing by its old namesake.

The main *raison d'être* of the International Bureau at London is to gather Anarchist groups and federations now scattered all over the world and to bring them into harmonious and solidaric relations with each other.

The desire to combine our forces grew out of the lack of concerted action among the comrades of various countries, as well as the comrades of different nationalities. We know so little of each other; we carry on a single-handed, desperate battle with the powers that be,—a battle which would prove much more effective and less trying were we united.

We may remain perfectly indifferent to the sensational gust of the capitalist press that Anarchist organizations are synonymous with blood-curdling conspiracies. But we cannot afford to have the minds of the workers poisoned by these misrepresentations.

The Anarchists, more than any other set of thinkers,

have ever emphasized the dangers of sectarianism, yet many of us have failed to apply our ideas to the every-day life, and to enter the broad, wide field of the economic struggle. As Anarchists, we cannot remain mere preachers and prophets; we must be practical builders of the foundation that is to support the future. It is a lamentable fact that so few comrades are actively engaged in the trade union movement, yet is there anyone so eminently equipped to participate in the daily economic struggle between capital and labor than the well-informed Anarchist? He knows that the proletariat furnishes the source of revolt against the present social conditions. It therefore behooves him to direct that source into such channels which will pave the way for a new social arrangement.

I do not contend that the International Bureau will represent the force that is to reconstruct the labor movement; what I do insist upon is that the Bureau can become instrumental in bringing about a more thorough understanding between Anarchists and the organized labor forces.

To achieve this the Bureau needs the individual and collective co-operation of all comrades.

A circular letter just received from the secretary of the Bureau puts several questions to the readers of MOTHER EARTH. I recommend that those questions be thoroughly discussed, and whatever conclusions the comrades will arrive at should be sent to the secretary without fail.

In conclusion, just a few more words. Some people, either out of ignorance or for personal reasons, charge that the Congress, in forming the International, was arbitrary and inconsistent with Anarchism. These good people seem to have forgotten that the proposition of an International was submitted to the comrades six months prior to the Congress; that it was discussed and decided upon by many groups and individual comrades, and that several of the delegates were sent with the express purpose to urge the formation of the International. But aside of all this, I wish to state that the International is not to be imposed upon any group or individual.

The Bureau has no statute books, nor is there the slightest danger that it will devise any catechism which every

Anarchist will be compelled to accept. As a medium for creating closer International comradeship, greater unity of action and more lasting results, the Bureau is to be heartily welcomed.

Let every comrade assist, and the Anarchist International will become a tremendous factor.

* * *

LETTER TO THE AMERICAN COMRADES

DEAR COMRADES:

It is not only desirable, but absolutely necessary to the success of the International Bureau that we should know the exact number of the members of the groups and federations desiring to affiliate with the International. Also, that we be informed as to the amount of contributions each group is willing to furnish.

We request all groups and federations to communicate to the Bureau their decision to join.

We should also like to impress upon our comrades the great importance of an archive for our movement. To make the latter possible we need copies of all Anarchist publications, pamphlets, manifestos, etc., issued in every country. So far we have received from America: *Mother Earth, Die Freiheit, Das Freie Wort* and *Die Freie Arbeiter Stimme.*

At the Congress it was suggested that the groups of every country select several secretaries who should be in constant communication with the Bureau. If you desire the latter to be useful and active, it is important to supply it with the material necessary to keep it at work. This can be accomplished in the form of weekly and fortnightly reports of the Anarchist and labor situation of each country. These reports the Bureau will compile for the international Anarchist press, which will enable every comrade to keep thoroughly posted on the growth and progress of our ideas.

It was also proposed at the Congress that the Bureau issue an international bulletin. Will the American comrades answer the following questions:

1. Do you favor such a bulletin?
2. What suggestions can you make in this regard?

3. What financial aid are you ready to give towards its publication?

If sufficient funds are forthcoming, the Bureau will guarantee adequate editorial management.

We hope for speedy replies, that we may soon be in a position to begin the work mapped out at the Amsterdam Congress and which is of such great import to the Anarchist movement—the new International.

Comrades, let us never lose sight of the importance of the organization of groups of local, national and international federations. Let us not deceive ourselves. Systematic and fruitful propaganda, as well as lasting relationship between the comrades, are possible only through such organization.

Fraternally,

October 16, 1907. THE BUREAU.

A. Schapiro, Secretary,
163 Jubilee Street,
London E., England.

P. S. We send subscription lists to MOTHER EARTH. Our American comrades can procure them from their English organ.

* * *

THE SITUATION IN AMERICA

(Conclusion.)

SINCE the execution of comrade Albert Parsons, in 1887, no English oral agitation of any large or national scope had been carried on. Comrade Mowbray, in 1894, and John Turner, during his first visit to the States, as well as Peter Kropotkin, in 1897, did effective propaganda in America; but no very extensive tours were undertaken till the winter of 1897, when comrade Emma Goldman lectured all through the country, going as far west as San Francisco. Her propagandistic success encouraged our comrade to make another effort two years later, which she did in 1899, her tour lasting eight months. Much radical and Anarchist literature was disposed of, and *Free Society* considerably assisted.

In the spring of 1901 comrade Kropotkin, on the occasion of his visit to Canada as a delegate of the British Scientific Society, used the opportunity to lecture in various cities from New York to Chicago, his tour proving of enormous moral and financial success.

The year 1901 was a memorable one in the annals of the United States. On the 6th of September of that year President McKinley was shot by Leon Czolgosz at the Buffalo Exposition, his injuries resulting fatally.

The act of Czolgosz was the explosion of inner rebellion; it was directed against the savage authority of the money power and against the government that aids its mammonistic crimes.

In the eighties the labor movement for an eight-hour workday was forcibly subdued, and five men judicially killed at Chicago. Under the régime of President Cleveland the Federal forces were employed as the executioners of striking workingmen. Capitalists wired for soldiers and their demand was readily complied with at the White House. McKinley's administration proved even more servile. It lost no opportunity of aiding capitalism to mercilessly crush the aspirations of labor. The use of Federal troops during strikes became a daily occurrence.

McKinley personified at once social corruption and political servility. Indeed, he was the ideal President of the uncrowned Kings of the Republic; both in character and appearance a Jesuit, he was eminently fitted to shield the traitors of the country.

Such were the environments that prompted Czolgosz's act. Many felt this; few dared to express it. The amazement that such a thing should happen in America really had something artificial about it. To the close observer there exists but an insignificant difference between the social conditions of this country and those of European monarchies, upon whose horizon revolutionary flashes had been playing for years. Here, no less than there, the governments are the willing gendarmes and sheriffs of the possessing class.

The authoritarian beast used the Buffalo tragedy as the occasion for a national razzia upon the Anarchists. In Chicago the family of Abe Isaak were arrested, together with other comrades directly or indirectly connected with

Free Society, and who were accidentally present at the house of Isaak during the arrest. The American press and the authorities were especially vitrolic against comrade Emma Goldman, charging her with the responsibility for the act of Czolgosz. It was claimed by the newspapers that Czolgosz had expressed himself to the effect that Emma Goldman's lecture at Cleveland, Ohio, inspired him to commit the deed. In justice to Czolgosz it must be stated, however, that the charge was a pure invention. It has since been ascertained that Leon Czolgosz had made absolutely no statements, either before or after his "trial."

Comrade Emma Goldman, being at St. Louis at the time, determined voluntarily to go to Chicago and face the accusations of the newspapers and police. She was promptly arrested and put under twenty thousand dollars bail. Our fearless comrade, although able to give the necessary bond, preferred to remain with the other arrested Anarchists in the Chicago County Jail, to await developments. The authorities of the State of New York, anxious for the extradition of Emma Goldman, spent thirty thousand dollars and employed two hundred detectives to get evidence against her. The greatest possible efforts were made to hold Emma Goldman on the charge of murder, but as absolutely no proof was forthcoming, our comrade finally had to be discharged, a few days after the Isaak family and the other Chicago comrades had been released.

On the 29th of October, 1901, Leon Czolgosz, deserted and forsaken, died in the electric chair at Auburn prison, in the State of New York. Though the brutal authorities left nothing undone to wring a confession from their helpless victim, their efforts completely failed. Czolgosz's last words were, literally, that his act was done for the good of the people.

An echo of the McKinley episode was the arrest of John Most, in New York, for the re-publication of Carl Heinzen's article, "Murder versus Murder," originally written and printed fifty years before. Comrade Most was found guilty of "inciting to riot" and condemned to one year in the penitentiary, the conviction being the third since his sojourn in the United States.

In 1902 took place an important strike of the weavers

of Paterson, New Jersey. Our local Italian comrades used the opportunity to agitate for the General Strike. During the progress of this strike an encounter took place between the workmen and the police, as a result of which warrants were issued for the arrest of Luigi Galleani, William McQueen, and Rudolph Grossman. The latter two were arrested, tried and sentenced to five years imprisonment. Fortunately, however, the police did not succeed in finding Galleani. Both McQueen and Grossman left the country, while out on bail; McQueen subsequently returned to serve his sentence and was recently pardoned before the completion of his term.

Comrade Galleani who had in the meantime settled at Barre, Vermont, began the publication of the *Cronaca Sovversiva*. The paper has since continued its tremendously effective propaganda among the Italian stone-cutters of that region. In fact, it is largely due to the able efforts of Galleani that Anarchism among the Italians of this country has received a sound, intelligent basis, and became not merely theoretical, but an active, practical influence.

In October, 1903, our English comrade John Turner arrived in this country with the object of lecturing on the subjects of trade unionism and Anarchism. At his first meeting in New York, on the 23d of October, he was arrested by the Federal authorities, on the strength of the clause in the Immigration Law which forbids the landing of people who "disbelieve in organized government." This clause, heretofore dead, was revived for the purpose of deporting Turner, who had openly declared himself a disbeliever in organized government. The case attracted national attention, all progressive elements without consideration of party lines—Anarchists, Socialists, Single Taxers, trade unionists, and Individualists—combining in the cause of free speech. An active campaign was carried on, lasting four months and doing tremendous propaganda. Though the Federal Supreme Court finally decided that Turner's deportation was legal and necessary, our agitation was not in vain. The stupidity of the law was never so emphatically manifest as in this instance; for while the case was pending, John Turner, temporarily out on bail, continued his lecture tour, accomplishing effective work.

During this period the Anarchist movement in America had no English organ. As previously mentioned, *Free Society*—published first in San Francisco and then in Chicago—had suspended publication in 1905. The necessity for an English journal made itself strongly felt, and in March 1906 comrade Emma Goldman, with the co-operation of several friends, started a monthly magazine, MOTHER EARTH, for the propagation of Anarchist ideas and ideals.

The same year we sustained the loss of comrade John Most, who died at Cincinnati, Ohio, while on a lecture tour. Only shortly before he had celebrated—in the circle of friends and comrades—his sixtieth birthday. Thus suddenly closed the remarkable career of a remarkable man.

With his death the problem faced us as to the disposition of the *Freiheit*, the arena of Most's militant journalistic agitation for more than twenty-five years. Energetic activity was necessary to continue the paper. At last the Freiheit Publishing Association was formed, with comrade Max Baginski—well known by his long activity in the revolutionary movement in Germany, and for eight years editor of the *Chicago Arbeiter Zeitung*—as editor; and comrade George Bauer as manager. It is mainly due to the untiring efforts of G. Bauer that we have succeeded in continuing the *Freiheit* in eight pages, carrying on the battle which Most had so suddenly to cease. The *Freiheit* is gradually getting in touch with various trade unions which have, hitherto, been sadly neglected. This has been made possible by the fact that the *Freiheit*, more than any other American paper, is devoted to the propaganda of direct action and the General Strike. That these new weapons of organized labor are finding a responsive chord in the hearts and minds of the workingmen is best proved by the fact that fifteen hundred copies of A. Roller's pamphlet, "General Strike and Direct Action," have recently sold within a very short time.

On the eighteenth of May, 1906, the tombstone was lifted from the living grave of comrade Alexander Berkman, and the State graciously permitted him to reënter the larger prison, called life. During the fourteen years of his imprisonment several attempts had been made to

secure a reduction of his sentence, since the punishment of twenty-two years imposed upon our comrade was excessive, even from the legal standpoint. But the capitalistic Shylock was determined to have his pound of flesh. For fourteen years every device of human brutality was used to break the mental and physical strength of comrade Berkman; but in vain. He emerged from his grave in perfect health and spirit, true and faithful to his ideals.

At the beginning of the publication of MOTHER EARTH, the magazine enjoyed the active support of the radicals of the country. Their sympathy, however, was partly alienated as a result of the October issue of 1906, the contents of which were devoted to a consideration of Czolgosz and his act, and of the social and psychological significance of the latter. The police also became very active against the New York Anarchists, the specially created "Anarchist Squad" systematically persecuting us, their efforts finally resulting in the forcible dispersion of a meeting called by some young Anarchists to discuss the act of Czolgosz. A number of comrades, including Emma Goldman, were arrested. Closely following this incident, Emma Goldman was again arrested, together with John Coryell and Alexander Berkman, during a lecture on the "Misconceptions of Anarchism."

The alleged legal justification for this systematic persecution and continual arrests was to be found in the so-called "Criminal Anarchy" Law, passed by the New York legislature soon after McKinley's death, when a national brain-storm swept the country. The law constitutes the American authorities an international police force for the protection of all tyrants. We reproduce it for the information of our readers.

THE "CRIMINAL ANARCHY" LAW.

"Sec. 468-a. Criminal Anarchy Defined:

"Criminal Anarchy is the doctrine that organized government should be overthrown by force or violence, or by assassination of the executive head or of any of the executive officials of government, or by any unlawful means. The advocacy of such doctrine either by word of mouth or writing is a felony.

"Sec. 468-b. Advocacy of Criminal Anarchy:

"(1) By word of mouth or writing advocates, advises

or teaches the duty, necessity or propriety of overthrowing or overturning organized government by force or violence, or by assassination of the executive head or of any of the executive officials of government, or by any unlawful means; or

"(2) Prints, publishes, edits, issues or knowingly circulates, sells, distributes or publicly displays any book, paper, document or written or printed matter in any form, containing or advocating, advising or teaching the doctrine that organized government should be overthrown by force, violence or any unlawful means; or

"(3) Openly, wilfully and deliberately justifies by word of mouth or writing the assassination or unlawful killing or assaulting of any executive or other officer of the United States or any State or of any civilized nation having an organized government because of his official character, or any other crime, with intent to teach, spread or advocate the propriety of the doctrines of criminal anarchy; or

"(4) Organizes or helps to organize or becomes a member of or voluntarily assembles with any society, group or assembly of persons formed to teach or advocate such doctrine: is guilty of a felony and punishable by imprisonment for not more than 10 years, or by a fine of not more than $5,000, or both.

"Sec. 468-c. Liability of Editors and Others:

"Every editor or proprietor of a book, newspaper or serial, and every manager of a partnership or incorporated association by which a book, newspaper or serial is issued, is chargeable with the publication of any matter contained in such book, newspaper or serial. But in every prosecution therefor the defendant may show in his defense that the matter complained of was published without his knowledge or fault and against his wishes by another who had no authority from him to make the publication and whose act was disavowed by him as soon as known.

"Sec. 468-d. Assemblages of Anarchists:

"Whenever two or more persons assemble for the purpose of advocating or teaching the doctrines of criminal Anarchy, as defined in section 468 of this title, such an assembly is unlawful, and every person voluntarily participating therein by his presence, aid or instigation is

guilty of a felony and punishable by imprisonment for not more than 10 years, or by a fine of not more than $5,000, or both.

"Sec. 468-e. Permitting premises to be used for assemblages of Anarchists:

"The owner, agent, superintendent, janitor, caretaker or occupant of any place, building or room, who wilfully and knowingly permits therein any assemblage of persons prohibited by section 468 of this title, or who, after notification that the premises are so used permits such use to be continuel, is guilty of a misdemeanor and punishable by imprisonment for not more than 2 years, or by a fine of not more than $2,000 or both.

"Sec. 469. Witness' Privilege:

"No person shall be excused from giving evidence upon an investigation or prosecution for any of the offenses specified in this title, upon the ground that the evidence might tend to convict him of a crime. But such evidence shall not be received against him upon any criminal proceeding."

In spite, however, of all the efforts of the "Anarchist Squad," the police failed to accomplish their object: all the arrested comrades were released.

The year 1906 closed with the arrest and extradition of comrade Luigi Galleani from Barre, Vermont, to face the old charge of "inciting to riot" during the weavers' strike of 1902 in Paterson, New Jersey, as referred to above. Though the authorities had put very heavy bail on Galleani, our Italian comrades—with the aid of others—succeeded in procuring nine thousand dollars cash security to satisfy the demands of the authorities. The trial resulted in a disagreement. Galleani is still out on bail. It is an undoubted sign of the progress made by Anarchist propaganda in America: ten years previously the mere charge against an Anarchist was equivalent to conviction.

Anarchist agitation in the United States is being carried on in almost all the various languages spoken in this country, including Japanese, Armenian, etc. The French and Spanish propaganda is, however, somewhat lagging at the present time: *Germinal*, edited by Michel Dumas, and *El Despertar*, edited by Piedro Esteve, have

not been able to keep up their work. On the other hand, there is considerable activity in our German, Bohemian and Italian groups, and also in the Western groups, which are composed mainly of natives. The most active, persistent and successful workers are our Jewish comrades, whose numbers are continually augmented by the great influx of immigrants who are, as a rule, more or less permeated with the progressive, radical spirit. The paper published by our Jewish comrades, the *Freie Arbeiter Stimme,* is still a weekly, though an attempt had been made in March, 1906, to issue a daily Anarchist paper in Yiddish. Unfortunately, however, the *Abend Zeitung* lasted only about three months. The experiment proved, however, the potentialities of the movement, five thousand dollars having been contributed in a comparatively short time for the project, notwithstanding the fact that the Jewish workers' economic condition is far below that of the natives.

Our Jewish comrades in America are no less devoted and active in behalf of the Russian Revolution. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been sent from America to assist our Russian brothers, owing to the efforts of the Socialist-Revolutionists, the majority of whom are Anarchists. Scores of our Jewish comrades have also returned to Russia to aid by word and deed the heroic struggle against Tsardom. All credit to our Yiddish comrades, the most energetic and loyal workers in America.

Since the act of Czolgosz a new tendency has been manifesting itself among the Jewish element. It has crystalized into the suggestion of forming a party organization with a definite membership, the latter to be fully responsible for the acts of every member; the organization should participate in local and national politics for propaganda purposes; propaganda by deed to be encouraged in cases of tyrannicide, but to be condemned in such cases as that of Czolgosz, Henri and Ravachol,—not on ethical grounds, but as inexpedient and injurious to the propaganda. This new tendency is confined to a very small circle of Jewish Anarchists.

The propaganda in the English language, as we have stated before, is of a rather spasmodic character. True, we have some very able workers in various parts of the

country, as comrades Harry M. Kelly, John R. Coryell, and Tom Bell, in New York; Voltairine de Cleyre, George Brown, and Natasha Notkin, in Philadelphia; Jay Fox, Mrs. Parsons, Frances Barnard, "Jack" and Annie Livshis, in Chicago; and William and Lizzie Holmes in Denver; but the activity on the whole has been rather local in scope. However, in spite of our comparative lack of comrades who are able to work among the natives, our efforts have borne good results. It has been said that the act of Leon Czolgosz has retarded the Anarchist movement in America. But the assumption is entirely unjustified by the facts. Comrade Emma Goldman in her recent extensive tour, during which she has lectured in twenty-six different cities, addressing herself to all conditions and classes of natives, has found the most intense interest in our ideas, testifying to the fact that Anarchism is very much alive in America.

The attitude of even the capitalistic press has considerably changed since 1900. The smoke of the Czolgosz shot has passed away; the storm of blind fury has subsided; things have calmed to the extent of permitting one of our standard magazines to admit that Czolgosz "was an idealist."

Close study and observation of the psychology of the American Anarchists show that those coming from the middle class incline towards passive resistance, on ethical grounds; while the workingmen, such as Harry M. Kelly, William Holmes, Henry Thayer, etc., believe in revolutionary methods. Two American women, Kate Austin and Voltairine de Cleyre, furnish an encouraging and striking example of the potentialities of America, and especially of American womanhood. Kate Austin, now dead, was one of the most fearless rebels America ever produced. Though her entire life was spent on a distant western farm, lacking opportunities and the association of kindred spirits, Kate Austin succeeded in developing into a clear and concise thinker, fearless in her attacks upon the present system.

Voltairine de Cleyre is one of our few native revolutionary Anarchists, a brilliant woman of exceptional literary talent, whose untiring efforts in the cause of Anarchism deserve special mention. Comrade de Cleyre, edu-

cated in a convent, joined the ranks of freethinkers when still in her teens, and developed—by way of Individualism—into one of the staunchest and most uncompromising workers in the cause of Anarchist Communism.

We are hopeful of the future of the American movement.

* * *

Appended is a list of Anarchist publications in America:

MOTHER EARTH (English). Monthly. New York.

LIBERTY (English). Individualist. Monthly. New York.

THE DEMONSTRATOR (English). Weekly. Home, Washington.

FREIHEIT (German). Weekly. New York.

DAS FREIE WORT (German). Monthly. New York.

ARBEITER ZEITUNG (German). Daily. Chicago.

FACKEL (Sunday), VORBOTE (Weekly). Editions of the *Arbeiter Zeitung*.

VOLNE LISTY (Bohemian). Weekly. New York.

QUESTIONE SOCIALE (Italian). Weekly. Paterson, N. J.

CRONACA SOVVERSIVA (Italian). Weekly. Barre, Vermont.

FREIE ARBEITER STIMME (Yiddish). Weekly. New York.

"LA RUCHE"

(The Beehive.)

By Emma Goldman.

THE rearing of children—whether in the sense of training or in the sense of free unfoldment—is still causing much dispute. The tendency of the times is to produce uniform and average types. Spontaneity and originality are considered out of date and useless. In fact, the less creative man is, the better his chances in every vocation of life.

The division of labor has never before reached such height, nor has man ever before been so much degraded

to a mere machine. The spirit of an Emerson or a Goethe is rare indeed, and impractical for our daily life. The most lamentable quality of modern man is his great capacity for adjustment. His activities are mechanical; his work, instead of liberating him, is riveting his chains still deeper into his flesh. The iron necessity of eking out a living imposes such occupations which are remunerative, though in no way related to his nature or inclinations. The question is not as to what could give the greatest satisfaction or joy; rather is it what gain, what material results can accrue therefrom.

The same spirit actuates the ideals of our times in the rearing and educating of the child. Most parents see in the school, the college and university the medium of profitable positions. They look upon education as a good investment, eagerly awaiting the time when they and their children will reap the dividends.

The idea that the rearing of the child—whether boy or girl—implies a consideration of the *individual* tendencies, has vanished from the horizon of parents and educators of to-day. No wonder they fail to grasp the importance of free unfoldment and growth.

* * *

An attempt to give the child an opportunity for unhampered development is being made in France by Sebastian Faure. The latter became widely known during the high tide of the Dreyfuss campaign. Together with Emile Zola, Anatole France, and Octave Mirbeau, Sebastian Faure fought the corrupt nationalistic and militaristic cliques which were endeavoring to use the Dreyfuss affair to further their own reactionary aims, mindful of Dr. Johnson's remark, that patriotism is the resource of knaves.

Faure is considered the most formidable foe of the reactionists, because of his remarkable oratorical ability. But Faure's particular forte is his opposition to religion and churchism, with which, as an ex-priest, he is thoroughly familiar. Faure might be compared to Robert Ingersoll, except that the ideas of the former are much broader and higher. He did not stop at free thought; but, as Anarchist and educator he is equally uncompromising in his opposition to economic and social iniquities. Faure is a practical idealist—one that applies his theories

of a happier future to the immediate regeneration of society.

* * *

"La Ruche" is an hour's journey from Paris; it is situated on the outskirts of a village named Rambouillet, a former stronghold of French nobility and now owned by the government, serving as a summer resort of the President.

Two years ago comrade Faure bought the land on which he has built his "Beehive." In that comparatively short time he succeeded to transform the former wild, uncultivated country into a blooming spot, having all the appearances of a prosperous and well-kept farm. A large, square court, enclosed by three buildings, and a broad path leading to the garden and orchards, greet the eye of the visitor. The garden, kept as only a Frenchman knows how, furnishes a large variety of vegetables for the "Hive." Faure is not a faddist; but he believes that fresh vegetables contain more nutrition than meat; the latter is therefore served but once a week at "La Ruche." Nor do they lack fresh vegetables in the winter time, for the large greenhouse is well stocked. Almost anybody would be tempted to turn vegetarian at the sight of the inviting, artistically grouped garden patches. Added to them are an orchard and a flower garden, which further enhance the beauty of "La Ruche."

Sebastian Faure is of the opinion that if the child is subjected to contradictory influences, its development suffers in consequence. Only when the material needs, the hygiene of the home and intellectual environment are harmonious, can the child grow into a healthy, free being.

I had read of "La Ruche" when it was first founded. On my arrival in Paris I wrote comrade Faure that I should very much like to see his venture in operation. I soon received his kind invitation to visit the place, of which I gladly took advantage in the company of a friend.

At the station of Rambouillet we were met by a little woman, the housekeeper and general manager of "La Ruche," who was accompanied by a young girl of about twelve years, very pretty and healthy-looking. After half an hour's ride through the beautiful country, we reached the "Beehive." On the way I was struck with the affec-

tionate relations between my hostess and her little companion, sweet and tender as chums. I soon learned that the same atmosphere prevailed in the entire place.

Comrade Faure, whom I had previously met in 1900, greeted us with simple cordiality, and knowing that we had come to see and to learn, he lost no time in showing us through the place—a rare treat, not easily forgotten.

The cleanliness and beauty of the "Hive" filled us with admiration. Most wonderful of all, however, proved the dormitory and lavatory of children, furnished in the plainest conceivable manner and yet producing a remarkably bright and cheerful effect. The latter was due to the hand-painted wall paper—a labor of love by some of the ablest artists of France. Flowers, plants, birds and animals were grouped in harmonious colors, thus quickening the imagination of the children more effectively than a hundred lessons.

Co-education is still forbidden by the lawmakers of France. It is owing, however, to the great popularity of Faure that the government does not interfere with him, who not only propagates joint education, but also maintains it at "La Ruche." There the boys and girls mingle freely together in class-room, workshop and gymnasium.

The schoolroom lacked the usual awe-inspiring appearance—the children rocking in their chairs, listening to their instructor whom they seemed to regard as one of their own number, telling them an interesting story. Never before had I seen such spontaneous joy as on that September afternoon, when Sebastian Faure led us into the classroom and—with the most serious face—introduced the "American comrades to the comrades of 'La Ruche'," addressing each little tot as Mlle. Janette or Monsieur Henri. No one could remain in doubt as to the affection the children bore Faure.

Naturally, we were very anxious to hear the views of Faure himself, as to his novel undertaking. Among other things he said:

"I have taken twenty-four children of both sexes, mostly orphans or those whose parents are too poor to pay. They are clothed, housed and educated at my expense. Till their twelfth year they will receive a sound elementary education; between the age of twelve and

fifteen—their studies still continuing—they are to be taught some trade, in keeping with their individual dispositions and abilities. After that they are at liberty to leave 'La Ruche' to begin life in the outside world, with the assurance that they may at any time return to 'The Hive,' where they shall be received with open arms and welcomed as parents do their beloved children. Then, if they wish to work at our place, they may do so under the following conditions: One-third of the product to cover the expenses of his or her maintenance, another third to go towards the general fund set aside for accommodating new children, and the last third to be devoted to the personal use of the child, as he or she may see fit.

"The health of the children who are now in my care is perfect. Pure air, nutritious food, physical exercise in the open, long walks, observation of hygienic rules, the short and interesting method of instruction and, above all, our affectionate understanding and care of the children have produced admirable physical and mental results.

"It would be unjust to claim that the children have accomplished wonders; yet, considering that they belong to the average, having had no previous opportunities, the results are gratifying indeed. The most important thing they have acquired—a rare trait with ordinary school children—is the love of study, the desire to know, to be informed. They have learned a new method of work—one that quickens the memory and stimulates the imagination. We make a particular effort to awaken the child's interest in his surroundings, to make him realize the importance of observation, investigation and reflection, so that when the children reach maturity, they should not be deaf and blind to the things about them. Our children never accept anything in blind faith, without inquiry as to why and wherefore; nor do they feel satisfied until their questions are thoroughly answered. Thus their minds are free from doubts and fear resultant from incomplete or untruthful replies; it is the latter which warp the growth of the child and create a lack of confidence in himself and those about him."

I asked comrade Faure what the relations of the children were among themselves and how they treated each other.

Faure replied: "It is surprising how frank, kind and

affectionate the children are to each other. The harmony between themselves and the adults at 'La Ruche' is highly encouraging. We should feel at fault were the children to fear or honor us merely because we are their elders. We leave nothing undone to gain their confidence and love; that accomplished, understanding will replace duty; confidence, fear; and affection, sternness.

"No one has yet fully realized the wealth of sympathy, kindness and generosity hidden in the soul of the child. The effort of every true educator should be to unlock that treasure—to stimulate the child's impulses and call forth the best and noblest tendencies. What greater reward can there be for one whose life-work is to watch over the growth of the human plant, than to see its nature unfold its petals and to observe it develop into a true individuality. My comrades at 'The Beehive' look for no grander reward, and it is due to them and their efforts, even more than my own, that our human garden promises to bear beautiful fruit."

Referring to the subject of history and the prevailing old methods of instruction, I asked comrade Faure how that subject is being taught at "The Hive."

He replied, simply: "We explain to our children that true history is yet to be written—the story of those who have died unknown in the effort to aid humanity to greater achievement."

The comrades associated with Sebastian Faure are so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the place that everything continues in the same harmonious way, though he, himself, is absent the greater part of the year on lecture tours. The latter serve the double purpose of education and raising funds for "La Ruche," forty thousand francs having been raised during the two years of "The Hive's" existence. Comrade Faure hopes to earn this winter a sufficient sum to liquidate the amount still due on "La Ruche." That done, the venture will become self-supporting, enabling Faure to enlarge his family.

Our visit to "La Ruche" was most interesting and instructive, and we regretted that time did not permit us to prolong our visit.

We were driven to the station by the friend who had met us on our arrival. She proved to be not only a kind

and lovable person, but also a highly intelligent woman with great independence of character. Being too early for our train, we were asked to have a drive through the famous Rambouillet woods, passing the palace where the French President, M. Fallières, was spending the summer.

How forcibly the place contrasted with "La Ruche"! The latter, an attempt at a new life, new human beings, new habits. Rambouillet, representing the decayed pillars of old and tottering institutions. What a contrast!

Sebastian Faure calls his attempt a work of "education and solidarity." May it prosper and serve as a noble example for others to follow. In a world of sham, hypocrisy and misery, is there any grander work than the rearing of new men and women?

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"THE BIRDS"—CHILDREN'S NURSERY

SUCH is the name of the first institution to be established for the taking care, nursing and rearing of children of radical mothers—mothers who are compelled to work for a living and to provide for their children. It was easy, exceedingly easy, for Anarchist and Socialist speakers to rant against the slavery of marriage and to advise the young to remain independent, at least from the bondage of matrimony. But when the speakers were taken seriously, and the consequences of such "independence" were to be faced, then the young and inexperienced mother found herself forsaken, especially if she had character enough not to be dominated by the so-called father of the child. Neither did she find much sympathy among the comrades; the spirit of solidarity, which she had heard hailed so often as a particular virtue of her radical co-workers, found no application in her case, although she was willing to pay for the aid to be rendered. Thus she was forced to take refuge in bourgeois institutions, which she was taught to hate and shun like poison.

Tragedies of this kind there have been many, and many of us could not help but feel ashamed of the lack of fraternal feeling and mutual aid among ourselves, and all of us ought to rejoice that comrade Noémie Racovici

and other children's friends have taken the initiative to found a nursery for the children of radical working women. But the initiators are poor themselves, and so ask for the co-operation of all those who believe that much could be done to make life more pleasant and more comfortable right here and now, without waiting for the "day of judgment"—the Social Revolution.

The intention is to make the nursery self-supporting, but a little material help is needed for the beginning, and so a concert and ball has been arranged, the proceeds of which are to be used for the benefit of the projected nursery.

The ball takes place November 22, 8 p. m., at Apollo Hall, Clinton street, and I hope that all those radicals who believe in self-help will encourage the undertaking by their presence.*

A. ISAAK.

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TRADE UNIONISM AND ANARCHISM

(A Letter to a Brother Unionist.)

Dear Friend and Brother:

In your letter, just to hand, you ask me if I know what Anarchism has to do with trade unionism. You write that many members of your local union are professed Anarchists; that these men are deeply interested in strengthening the union, that they are active and alert, and are possessed of more than ordinary enthusiasm in furthering the cause of unionism. You seem at a loss to understand this, and ask me if I can give you an explanation of it.

If I were to say that trade unionism and Anarchism are both striving to solve the same problem, it would not be sufficient. You would still want to know how they can be reconciled in their propagandas. So, in order to understand their relation to one another, it is necessary to understand each in its relation to the problem that

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*We heartily favor the project of a nursery for the children of radical mothers. We regret, however, that the founders of the nursery have arranged their ball for the same date on which the MOTHER EARTH semi-annual reunion is to take place. It was very thoughtless, to say the least.—Ed.

both are trying to solve. I cannot hope to give you, within the confines of a letter, more than a glimpse at the philosophy of either unionism or Anarchism.

The aim of the union man is to get back in wages as much of the produce of his toil as the strength of his union will enable him to force from the employers. A union man is never satisfied for very long with the amount of wages he receives; he is ever striving to increase his pay and reduce the hours of toil. The union man working eight hours to-day is no more satisfied than his forefathers were, who worked sixteen. In fact, more discontent exists to-day in the ranks of labor than at any period in the history of man.

All this is quite natural. No man is ever quite contented. No sooner is one desire satisfied than another is created, and because of this element in human nature stagnation and decay are impossible, and man will continue to strive for new ideals so long as the human race exists.

Discontent is always an evidence of intelligence, and it is this intelligent discontent that makes men seek for the satisfaction of their wants in various ways. Trade unionism and Anarchism are two of the ways worked out by intellectual discontent for the attainment of their aims.

When a working man's intellect reaches a certain state of development, he begins to ponder these questions: Am I not entitled to a greater share of the produce of my labor than it pleases my employer to give me? Is the difference between him and me so great that he should get so much and I so little, that he becomes a multi-millionaire and I forever remain a pauper, who must bow to his will and obey his every command and be a slave in every respect except in name? Should I not have something to say about the amount of wages I receive and the conditions under which I toil? Why am I and my fellow-workmen at the mercy of a class who can have no sympathy with us and who at the very best can look upon us only in a charitable way as dependants? Why not alter these conditions? Is there no hope of escape from this thraldom, this humiliating and degrading condition that we have inherited from the ignorance and stupidity of the past?

When these thoughts begin crowding themselves upon

the worker, he either organizes a union and becomes a union man, or he conceives a state of society in which mankind can live without employers, or governors of any description, and becomes an Anarchist.

Thus you see the same condition of mind and intelligence produce the unionist and the Anarchist, who are often one and the same person. In striving to better his lot in the present, he is a unionist; in mapping out a condition of freedom and equality for the future, he is an Anarchist.

* * *

The history of trade unionism is a history of martyrdom. The path of progress is strewn with the bones of sturdy, liberty-loving workers, who fought against the tyranny of government and the rich class that maintains it.

The modern trade union has been struggling for two centuries to better the conditions of the men and women who toil. The employers have always viewed the organization of labor with great alarm, and have never failed to use their tool, the government, to suppress the unions. And the government, true to the purpose of its existence —the protection of the rich—has always responded with infamous laws, inflicting the severest punishment upon those who combined to better their condition.

In spite of government the unions flourished. Men were branded with hot irons, had their ears cut off, and were tortured in a variety of ways invented by the minions of law and order, yet they never gave up the fight; by their heroic struggles they have conquered for us the relative liberty in the matter of organizing, that we enjoy to-day.

Such has been the history of unionism in the past, and since the minds of men and the principles and tactics of government change very slowly, labor will have to continue its battle in the same way, striking with the same weapons, and paying with its sweat and blood for every inch of progress towards its emancipation.

The average trade unionist does not look far into the future. He busies himself with getting what he terms "a fair day's pay for a fair day's work." He does not know exactly what a fair day's pay, or a fair day's work is. He knows this: That he gets all the wages he can,

and works as few hours as possible. But the more abstract question he does not worry about. It is left for the Anarchist to do that.

The Anarchist, reasoning from the abstract principles of equality, says that a fair day's pay, to be fair, must be a price equal to the full value of the labor expended. If I make a dozen chairs in a week, a "fair" week's pay will be the price of a dozen chairs. If I get any less, some one is getting part of the product of my labor without my approval or consent, which means that I am being robbed. If I get the price of a chair more than the dozen, someone else is being robbed, which is equally as unjust. And if I should get the price of two, or a hundred dozen, chairs a week without making even one chair, as the men whom we call employers are getting, I would be a great robber and a powerful enemy of unionism and Anarchism.

There can be no other definition of a fair day's pay, because it would not be fair if I were to get one chair more or one less than the number I produced.

This is a very simple proposition; one that any workman or woman can easily understand; and once it is understood, the union will have a deeper and more definite significance.

The question as to what shall be a fair day's work will be easily solved after we have settled the question of pay. If I work thirty-six hours making a dozen chairs, and I consider six hours too long a work-day, I can reduce my hours to five or four per day without consulting anybody; since nobody is getting part of my labor product, nobody will have any interest in making me work longer than I want to.

In fine, the Anarchist wants to develop a free society, in which each man will be at liberty to work as an individual, or to co-operate with his neighbors in voluntary groups without any employers, bosses, or rulers of any kind. In such a manner only can the Rockefellers be eliminated, and labor be freed from the hands of the monopolists.

At present the capitalist who "employs" me keeps at least half of the chairs that I make, consequently he is interested in keeping me in the factory as long as possible. The more chairs I make the more he gets, and the quicker he enriches himself at my expense. This

explains why the employers are so much opposed to the reduction of the hours of labor, or an increase in wages. It also explains why the Anarchist is so ardent and enthusiastic a union man. Always having in mind his idea as to what a fair day's pay and a fair day's labor means, he is urged on to battle for its realization. And you, my friend, cannot fail to be touched by the logic, the justice, and the simplicity of this explanation of the labor question.

The Anarchist believes that the unionist will some day come to his view of what the labor question means; he knows that you and I must soon begin asking ourselves, what is going to be the outcome of this movement we are so deeply interested in. And he knows that as we are reasonable men who have learned by the experience of the past, we are going to be guided by this experience in the future, and will be led as surely as he has been, to see the simple, natural truth of Anarchism; and seeing the truth in all its magnificent beauty and sublime simplicity, we will be inspired to struggle for its realization with an ardor and enthusiasm which only the truth can inspire.

The Anarchist is a thorough believer in his fellowman. But he is not a utopian. Though he has faith in the goodness of man, he is not blind to his many weaknesses. He does not want to plunge mankind into a condition of life for which its nature is not fitted—a charge often repeated by kindly and well-meaning people who cannot rid themselves of the belief—instilled in them by false early training—that government must exist to restrain the selfishness of man. They forget that a man with the forces of government at his command has the power to indulge his selfishness multiplied a thousand times.

The Anarchist does not deplore the instinct of selfishness. He simply recognizes it, and is guided accordingly. For instance, he knows that as it is selfishness which makes tyrants and oppressors out of good men when they are placed in positions of power and authority over their fellows, it is the same selfish instinct that makes them kind and considerate neighbors when not clothed with such power. The Anarchist is not so foolish as to think that one set of men, because they belong to a differ-

ent party, or hold different opinions in politics or economics, are any better or worse than another set. He knows that all men are made from the same clay, and that, placed in the same position, they will act in the same way. He knows that selfishness—self-preservation—is the strongest force in man, that it cannot be eliminated, and should not if it could; for such a condition would reduce mankind to mere machines. He insists that selfishness must not be perverted by being placed in positions of authority where it can enslave mankind; and that the way to protect ourselves from selfishness is to strip it of all power, except the power each person possesses within himself.

His experience and observation have taught him this. And he has the scientific knowledge to show him that it cannot be otherwise. He can point to our unions and show us that even in these small offices, filled generally by the very best of men, the officials—if not watched closely—are apt to assume authority that was never given to them, and to regard themselves as made from a clay superior to that of the rank and file.

Is it any wonder, then, that the Anarchist is sceptical about trusting men with the power of government? He knows it is scientifically wrong to do it. He asks himself the question: Is it necessary to have a government of man over man in a society of equality, where each worker will get the full value of his dozen chairs? And his heart and mind answer, in unison, *No!*

He sees that government is a fraud; that it does not protect life and property, but that on the contrary it *destroys life* and *protects robbery.* Rich men quarrel and their governments compel the poor man to do the fighting, where hundreds and thousands are slaughtered to settle disputes in which they had no concern, except the foolish interest they take in their kings and presidents. *Is that protecting life?* Rich men steal the earth and make the poor man pay tribute for the privilege of living upon it; and the government enforces the claims of the robbers. *Is that protecting property?*

The Anarchist points out to us that in every strike the government takes the side of the employers. Strikers are clubbed, jailed, bull-penned, shot, deported from their homes, kidnapped and carried off to other States upon trumped-up charges of murder and denounced by the

President as "undesirable citizens"; in every conceivable manner they are harassed and punished by the government for asserting their rights to a living wage. "Is it not strange, my brother," a friend once wrote to me, "that law and order always mean scabbing, that all the powers of government are always arrayed on the side of the scab and the blood-sucking employer? That the law which is supposed to be for the protection of the weak against the aggression of the strong, is in every instance found to be operating against the weak?"

Governments claim to protect us against foreign foes. The Anarchists say that we have no foreign foes except foreign governments. We have no fear of invasion by the workers of England, Germany, or France. It is the governments of those countries that always invade other countries. And with the dissolution of government, all invasion would cease, and war, with all its terrible sacrifice of life, labor and property, will be banished forever from the face of the earth.

The Anarchist is convinced, from his study of humanity, that not until men become angels, will government ever be anything else but a tool in the hands of the strong for the oppression and the exploitation of the weak. Therefore that form of organization which will delegate the least amount of power and authority to the individual is the one best suited to the nature of man,—one that will give each member of society the greatest amount of liberty, and consequently enable him to enjoy the greatest happiness; for happiness consists of the liberty to do that which we want to do.

Anarchism, voluntary association—concludes the Anarchist—is the scientific principle of sociology applied to society and the relations of man to man. Do not compel your neighbor to do that which he does not want to do; surely he will some day be in power—in the majority—and will force you to do his bidding. It is better to let each other alone. In matters of mutual interest you will be drawn together by the magic of self-interest. Where you disagree you will be repelled by the same force. This is science. It is simple. But it has cost the human family ages of suffering to find it out. Our ancestors thought the world was flat, and they constructed a false system of astronomy. They likewise thought man was the crea-

ture of a deity, and responsible for his acts to god and government, who might punish him with hell-fire or the hempen halter; and, naturally, they formed a false system of society. We have discarded the false system of astronomy; it is now up to us to upset the false system of society, and embrace freedom.

The Anarchist sees in the growth of the trade union an evidence of the tendency towards the simple, natural, yet scientific state of society he is working for. Man has been robbed and enslaved first by the private ownership of land, and later his robbery was increased by the private ownership of the houses in which he lived, the factories in which he worked, and the tools he used. So the landlord, the banker, and the capitalist rob him by way of rent, interest, and profit.

The trade unions must soon come to the realization that to free their members from exploitation they must take back the land and the tools, by refusing to pay rent to the landlords, and by refusing to allow the capitalist to buy and sell the product of their toil and control their labor.

"How are they going to do it," you ask. I answer by asking you a question, "How are they reducing the hours of labor and increasing their wages to-day?" Not by legislation, nor by arbitration, but by the powerful weapon of direct action—THE STRIKE.

Politicians and preachers, even our employers, advise us to seek at the ballot-box the redress our wrongs demand; and the misguided friends of labor, the Social Democrats, follow in the same track. Only the Anarchists have warned us against the delusion that an institution like the government—which is organized to protect the interests of the employers—could, by some magic, be transformed into an enemy of its maker and a friend of its victim—*labor*.

Nothing seems more absurd and ridiculous than that the employers would advise us—their victims and slaves—as to the way to free ourselves. Yet foolish as it is, we have really thought the time of legislation at hand; and many as have been our disappointments, we are not all convinced yet that the Anarchists are right.

Speaking for myself, I have been stripped of the delusion long ago. Practical experience has torn the veil

from my eyes. I have seen too many failures in the attempt to get better conditions through the medium of the law.

The limits of a letter forbid my mentioning more than one or two. But if you wish to pursue this subject further, you will find a long and sad record of labor laws dead and buried in the courts.

The unions of New York had a law passed making ten hours a legal day's work for bakers. Surely that was not unreasonable when other workers were working as low as four hours a day. Yet the Supreme Court declared the law unconstitutional. Why does not that learned court declare the four-hour day of the Jewish linotype printers unconstitutional? There is a very good reason: it has no jurisdiction. The printers made their own four-hour law, and put it into effect by the force of the strike. The printers are working four hours. The bakers followed the advice of the employers. They appealed to the State. They used the ballot. They went on their knees before the law-makers with the modest request for a ten-hour day. The law was passed. The Supreme Court scratched it off the book. The bakers are working eleven, twelve, and thirteen hours a day.

Another example. The people of the State of Colorado, in the exercise of their sovereign power, declared at the ballot box that a law should be passed making eight hours a legal day's work in and about the mines of the State. The law-makers ignored the will of the people and refused to make the law. Seeing themselves and the majority of their fellow-citizens thus baffled by the politicians, the miners' union fell back upon its old methods of direct action, and refused to work. The miners struck to enforce the will of the people as expressed at the ballot box. What did the "servants" of the people do? Did the Governor of Colorado put every gun at his command —with a man behind it—at the service of the people? No! But he put every soldier of the State at the service of the mine owners. These bloodhounds of the rich fell upon the miners, murdered them, drove them from the State, locked them up in bull pens, and committed every conceivable crime against justice.

This is how the government serves the people. It murders them at the behest of the capitalists. The Anar-

chists say this is inevitable; that despite all hypocritical cant about government by and for the people, government is, as it always has been, the obedient servant of the rich.

Your own observation ought to convince you of the truth of this assertion, without any further efforts on my part. In the face of all the facts of recent history, how there are still workingmen who hope for relief from their miserable condition through the ballot, is quite beyond my comprehension. I am glad to note, however, that the more advanced and thoughtful workers are giving up the ballot, and turning to their unions with renewed energy and hope.

The Japanese Socialists have abandoned political action for direct action and the GENERAL STRIKE. The trade unions of France have declared for the General Strike as the best weapon of the people in their battle for liberty. The General Strike is being advocated in every country to-day. This, again, the Anarchist says is inevitable, because it is an inseparable part of the labor movement and must extend as the unions extend; and so sure as unionism becomes universal, so must the strike become universal. We have seen the labor unions grow year by year, and so have we seen the strike become more extended, and it only requires time and experience to develop the desire for a GENERAL STRIKE.

Conditions will force us, eventually, to abandon the old methods for the General Strike, say the Anarchists; the future of labor lies in the unions. The General Strike will surely be the weapon of the future. It is the evolutionary method. It is the non-invasive method. It forces no man; it avoids him; it lets him alone. It says to the employer: "These workers have labored for you for ages, with misery as their only reward. Your priests and politicians have taught them from the cradle that all the products of their toil belonged to you, except the miserable wage they were impressed they should be grateful for. They were taught that the highest and noblest virtue man can possess is respect for your property-rights in the fruit of their toil, and obedience and submission to the laws made by your agents for the perpetuation of this system of spoils and graft. But these laborers have at last hearkened to the voice of reason.

They have ceased to supplicate the skies. They have turned their eyes towards the earth, and they see that your assumed ownership of the land and of the wealth you did not create, is not only wrong, but it is robbery, and that you are a plain thief, usurper and parasite. They will no longer produce wealth for you, while ragged and hungry themselves; no longer respect your unjust title to the Earth, and themselves go without a home. Henceforth wealth belongs to him who produces it, and the Earth belongs to all. This is the rallying cry of the workers, awakened; and I, THE GENERAL STRIKE, AM THEIR REDEEMER."

Respectfully, your friend and fellow-worker,

JAY FOX.

AUSTRALIAN AND NEW ZEALAND LABOR MOVEMENTS

By DR. T. F. MACDONALD.

THE labor movement in Australasia is extremely complex, and very much confusion of ideas concerning it obtains not only in other countries, but also in Australasia itself.

One reason for this is that a new factor or element, at any rate one not met with in Europe, enters into labor questions in the antipodes, viz., the element of cheap, colored, absolutely servile alien labor, imported almost at will by the employing classes, monopolies and trusts, whenever in the opinion of those dominating classes the workers of Australasia are making too much ground. From the fact that plenty of cheap, "reliable" labor is to be obtained within a few days' sail of Australia, a sombre cloud hangs continually over the labor movement, threatening to pour forth a flood of blacklegging elements which might at any moment swamp not only unionist labor, but the entire working class. Such a calamity really happened in Queensland, where for some thirty years the work in tropical agriculture fell entirely into the hands of alien cheap workers, who were in reality slaves, having neither social privileges extended to them, nor could they in their helpless ignorance form even the simplest institution of self-defence.

In the mines, again, Chinese labor had to be opposed; in the pearl fisheries, the Japanese. In fact, with the presence of Japanese, Chinese, Javanese, Hindoos, Cingalese, and other Eastern peoples, the workers of Australia have had an extremely up-hill battle to fight.

However, the colored labor question must be reserved for future articles; at present it is enough to know that in fighting this, to it, hydra-headed enemy, Australasian labor consolidated its ranks, and grew extremely powerful.

Here, perhaps, it were useful to mention that the general public of Australasia learned for the first time that labor fought not only its own battle, but that of the whole country; and a deep moral sympathy gradually grew towards the workers; which fact to some extent explains the widespread popularity of the Australasian movement, a popularity which gave to Australia for the first time in history a Labor Parliament, headed by a Labor Prime Minister.

Prior to the great historical maritime strike of 1890 in Australasia there had grown up a magnificent movement of trade and labor federations. Australian and New Zealand federations were further united in strong bonds of solidarity. At the call of Australia, New Zealand joined the great strike of 1890, with results well known to those who interest themselves in other than their own national movement. The great strike failed in its main purpose, but the labor movement of Australasia was not, therefore, beaten; it was only checked. However, the blow was such as to divide Australia and New Zealand into separate movements, and from that time to the present they have continued to develop irrespective of each other; thus the Australasian labor movement presents two distinct phases which must be followed separately.

At once it may be said that Australia developed rapidly in the direction of theoretical State Socialism, being influenced by the theories imported by such men as H. H. Champion, at one time rather famous in the English movement.

Theories of Socialism flooded Australia in every State. Nationalization of the land became the chief plank in all labor political movements, which unfortunately became

the vogue, as labor leaders rushed to conclusions far too readily. They wrongly judged that because of the failure of the labor movement during the great strike, politics must provide salvation for the workers weary of exploitation.

Had they analyzed the situation closely at that time, they must have found by reason, what they are now beginning to feel by experience, that the great strike failed from insufficient economic forces, from the now obvious truth that capital is an international enemy of the workers, and can only be fought by international weapons. These can never be political, but must be, and shall be, forged from an international understanding between the labor unions and federations of all nations.

However, Australia took up the political labor movement with marked enthusiasm.

All, apparently, went well; and the hopes of the workers rose as political majorities piled up in every Australian State in favor of labor platforms.

At last came the crowning political success of Australia: in the Commonwealth Parliament they found themselves in power. Surely the workers would now reap the reward of all their hard work at the polls. Measures in keeping with platform pledges would surely soon make their appearance. The land would be nationalized, also the means of production, distribution, and exchange! No! On the contrary, the platform was top-heavy; some planks must go. And the very first to be thrown into the "objective" was, yes, nationalization of land!

The Labor Party in power found, as other political parties before them, that Australian land did not belong to Australians, but to English bondholders! How could it, then, be nationalized, when to expropriate would mean war with England, backed up by Germany, France, Holland, and all the money-lending countries of the world?

Explain it as we may, the historical fact remains that when the Commonwealth Labor Party came before their respective constituencies for the second time, the land nationalization plank had vanished from the labor platform.

The lesson and moral is this: that when political parties find their limits, which they quickly do, ideals are

ignored; and the labor ship must be trimmed to the strongest political wind that blows.

However successful the political side of the Australian movement may be in the Australian national sense, when confronted with international forces, an inevitable corollary to national success, it breaks down completely.

The loss of time engendered by false moves like this is only a trifle of the evil wrought by the Australian political labor movement. Trusting to the shadowy hopes raised by political success, as far as gaining seats in Parliament can be called success, a most fatal movement now appeared among the unions, more especially among those of Queensland. So sure did the workers become of the soundness of political action that they began to neglect their trade unions; and in some cases—Charters Towers, for instance—they abandoned them. In 1905 in Charters Towers, a mining city, out of 3,500 miners only some 300 were organized in societies.

But the penalty followed swift and sure. In that year, for the first time in its political history, a labor man was defeated in the political contest, to the astonishment of all Australia. It had seemed a moral impossibility to wrest a seat from labor in this stronghold of Democracy; but here, not once, but twice in succession, the forces of reaction triumphed. Why? The explanation is not far to seek, and again a moral stares one in the face. With no unions to resist the subtle application of economic pressure on the part of mine owners, workers found themselves sacked or coerced with impunity, and hopelessly beaten in the political struggle as a consequence of direct intimidation.

The moral is: a political movement must ever prove to be an impossibility without support from flourishing economic organizations. It is something to know that State Socialists in Australia are very much alive to this interesting and all-important truth. A little more experience and knowledge will convince them that political action is a positive drag upon labor evolution in any country.

Australia, we have seen, developed more particularly on the theoretical side as a result of the defeat in 1890 New Zealand went in quite the opposite direction.

The solidarity of the workers during the great strike

in its New Zealand aspect, as described by those who participated in it, must have been something sublime. "Unshakable as rock, and deep as the sea, and quivering with emotion," were the words of one who weathered the terrible struggle.

Was the strike a failure in New Zealand? If to shake the country to its foundations, and without returning a single labor man to Parliament to so impress the Government with possibilities and probabilities that it set to work immediately to initiate relief works, a Labor Bureau, humanitarian legislation almost by the square yard, so much so as to earn for themselves the world-wide reputation of being Socialists—if all this means failure, then the strike failed. But no! The proud position New Zealand holds as a pioneer in humanism to-day is due to the glorious solidarity of the workers during the famous strike of some seventeen years ago.

This last fact is not sufficiently appreciated either by the New Zealand workers or by those students of sociology who visit New Zealand to study the so-called Socialistic laws of that country.

New Zealand, then, won all its advanced labor laws without the assistance of a distinct Labor Party in Parliament, but by modification of Liberal platforms induced by the influence of public opinion, which was skillfully judged by the late R. G. Seddon, for thirteen years Premier.

By far the most interesting items in the whole field of Australasian legislation are the Wages Board system of Victoria, and the Arbitration and Conciliation laws of New Zealand.

Wages Boards are thought by Victorian employers to provide the best solution to labor problems. This is in itself a suspicious circumstance. If the employers praise an institution created to settle disputes with their employees, one may be sure there is something advantageous to themselves in the arrangement. So it happens with Wages Boards. Without going into detail, suffice it at present to say that the chronic action of Wages Boards is to destroy trade unions.

The workers, instead of looking to their unions for help in times of trouble, look directly to the Board, and consequently they find no real use for their unions and

begin to abandon them. This phase of union decadence would soon kill the whole movement in Victoria, were it not for the tremendous vigor thrown into it by union enthusiasts who appreciate the dangers and take active measures to guard against them.

Arbitration laws act much in the same way. Thirteen years' experience has convinced the New Zealand workers that arbitration by compulsion has riveted, as it were, the wages and salaries system firmly into their lives. They have found that wages can be maintained by legislation, but that prices and rents are uncontrolled thereby, and thus the actual position of the working family is scarcely benefited by increased wages. Now they cry aloud for the total abolition of the wages and salaries system, which they know cannot be done by Arbitration Courts unless those Courts include a system of profit-sharing in their jurisdiction, which they will never do without severe pressure from the economic field.

To strike in New Zealand is in reality to revolt, and this means a very serious outlook for the next year or two in that country. Dissatisfied as the workers are with the present condition of affairs, knowing that they can get no satisfaction from the Labor Courts, and not being allowed by law to strike, they feel in a trapped condition. Twice or thrice they have kicked over the traces and actually revolted, thoroughly sick of dangling after Court decisions which might be given six months after entirely new conditions had arisen and new demands were necessary. Sure enough, the workers in New Zealand have become immune to Arbitration and Conciliation Boards, and the next step brings them face to face with the general plan of campaign of Anarchist Communism, viz., federation of unions, with international understanding of federations as the basic lines of associations embracing all wage and salaried people, who are common slaves of the one international enemy—capitalism.—London *Freedom.*

EVEN UNTO DESOLATION

By ADELINE CHAMPNEY.

AT the edge of the Desert of Utter Desolation a woman lay upon the sands. She was no longer weeping; her tears were spent, for she had wept long and bitterly since first she found herself on the Mountain of Disillusion. Dry-eyed and wan, she raised herself and looked about her. Behind her lay the thick gray mist, concealing the path by which she had climbed; before her stretched the sea of sands, and far in the distance loomed one peak on which her eyes were fastened. Pale, but clear, it rose against the sky, a colder blue.

The woman flung out her arms passionately. "Oh!" she cried, "I thought I had found you! All those years I thought you were mine!"

She peered across the sands where only a faint trail showed; as far as eye could see, only the sands, the sands; and the cold blue mountain far beyond.

And the woman drooped upon the sands, and lay thinking, thinking, while the shadows gathered round, but still the great mountain gleamed blue in the gloaming. She thought of her long climb, of the steepness; of the gulfs she had bridged, of the ledges where she had slipped and fallen. She thought of the weariness, the almost despair she had known; of temptations to forsake the pathway, of friends who had wandered away. She thought of the faith of her journey, of the courage, the hope, as the mountain drew ever nearer. She thought of her joy when the Valley of Delight had opened before her and she had deemed the journey done!

She crouched upon the sands and her form was shaken with sobs, as she dreamed again of the years of her happiness, the years of her Sweet Illusion. Dreaming, she lived again the venturous hour when, following an unwonted path, she had come out upon this mountain, the Mountain of Disillusion. And she lay flat upon the sands which stretched around and before her.

At last she rose slowly and gathered herself as for an effort. She stood erect and turned her gaze again toward the mountain, and then along the desert which stretched lifeless at her feet. Where her tears had fallen, tiny flowers had sprung up and blossomed; and she

saw them gleaming in the dim light, and gathered them to wear at her breast.

She stepped out along the trail, and her feet sank in the soft sands, and she lifted them wearily. Soon she stopped, irresolute. Again she peered into the gloom, seeing only the sands and the distance. Then she cried out passionately:

"Alone, alone! Always alone! Oh, it is too much! All my life I have struggled, and for what? To go on alone, alone! My youth is past. I shall soon be old. Oh! Life is too short, and Joy is too sweet. It is never worth while, never!"

Passionately she turned away from the mountain, gleaming cold.

"I will go back!" cried the woman, and she plunged into the pathway by which she had come, and the mists closed over her.

Recklessly she leaped and ran, as one pursued. She dared not look back, but ever she felt behind her the towering mountain, that mountain of her dreams for which she had climbed and striven and sacrificed through all her young years.

Breathlessly she came again into the Valley of Delight, and flung herself down on the greensward. Feverishly she drank of the fountains. Restlessly she wandered among the bowers till she came to where her love lay sleeping. She flung herself beside him, and he awoke and welcomed her.

"Where have you been so long, away from me, my own?" he whispered.

"Away from you?" she cried. "No, no! I could not go away from you. Take me to your heart, and love me, love me, that I may forget!"

"What would'st forget, beloved?" he asked, wistfully.

And she who had never lied, on whose lips truth dwelt ever serenely, made answer, "Nothing! What should I have to forget? Nay! Let me only remember how dear is love, and how sweet thou art, my heart's dearest!"

And the woman dwelt again in the Valley of Delight. She feasted and laughed and sang the hours away, and all said, "How happy she is!" But ever she kept her back toward the distant Mountain, and oft, when alone, she felt it behind her, reproaching her, drawing her.

Then she sang but the more loudly, and laughed but the more gaily, and even he who was nearest and dearest knew only that her lips were more eager and her arms more clinging. And he whispered, "How you love me! How am I worthy of such devotion?" And the woman trembled, and would have moaned, but she changed the moan to a murmur of love; and would have sobbed but she drowned the sob in kisses; and would have wept but she looked the closer in her lover's eyes.

And the days passed. But the waters of the fountains were not so clear as of old. The fruits were not so sweet, and there were canker spots upon them, and crawling things within them. And ever she hid these things from her lover, and cried but the louder, "How beautiful is our life here!" Even the flowers wearied her, but she gathered great armfuls of them and wove garlands and wreathed her bower in them. And as they faded she threw them away to gather more and more. Only the flowers at her breast, the pale blue stars, remained sweet and fresh; and when she was quite alone, and still, they stirred in her bosom, and their faint fragrance came to her. Then she began to remember, and she ran to her love, and showered him with caresses. Even the bird-songs troubled her, and she would fain shut her ears to them, but she only cried to her beloved, "Talk to me, sing to me! Tell me again, and again, and again!" And he smiled at her, musing, "How passionate thou art, my sweetest!"

So the woman dwelt in the Valley of Delight, but ever she turned her back to the distant Mountain, and ever she kept closer and closer to the other side of the garden, and ever the fear of what lay beyond bore in upon her. And ever the pale blue stars that shone so pure against her white bosom put forth their gentle and reminding fragrance.

Then there came a night when her fear grew strong upon her, and she seized upon the flowers at her breast and would have flung them away, but their delicate tendrils wound about her fingers, and she could not cast them from her. Wondering, she looked long upon them, and found she loved them. Fair they were in the moonlight, each pale star like a living jewel of blue, a wondrous blue, cold, clear and gleaming. And she buried her face

in them, and a great sobbing came upon her, for she knew their color now. It was the blue, the unchanging blue of the Mountain, the forsaken Mountain.

Then through bitter tears a great resolve kindled in her eyes, and she sprung to her feet, holding the flowers close to her heart.

"I will go! I will go!" she whispered. Then her voice grew stronger. "I *must* go!" she said. "I can no other. Even though it break my heart, even though I go alone, even unto death, yet I must go!"

Resolutely she turned in the direction of the Mountain, and lo, the Desert of Utter Desolation stretched before her, even at her feet, and the sands flowed about them. She set her face toward the Mountain and began to walk, slowly, but gaining strength as she pushed through the shifting sands. Her eyes were wet with tears, but she would not let them blind her. Her heart was heavy, but she would not list to its beating. There was no joy in her soul and no hope, only the urge to go on, and on, and on! Youth and Love were behind her. Age was creeping down upon her. The Mountain of her quest was far and far away. She would never reach it, yet she must go on, and on, and on!

But she fixed her gaze steadfastly on the single peak of wondrous blue, and toiled on, and slowly in her eyes there grew a light that burned and glowed, and she stretched out her arms to the Mountain, so cold, so far, and she cried aloud, and her voice rang with power:

"Oh! The Ideal! The Ideal!" And with strong, even stride she passed on, into the distance, her face ever uplift and filled with the light of her vision.

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I regret to inform our comrades that, though I have received many encouraging letters in regard to the proposed weekly paper, but little money came in. Unfortunately, sympathetic letters alone are not sufficient to publish a paper with. Those in favor of the weekly should aid in a more practical manner.

So far I have received:

Max Cohen, St. Louis Mo	$1.00
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